

CHAPTER XXVII. WINIFRED'S THANKS.



You do not know hose much it means to

After many weary days John Fletcher at last was able to make his appearance. down stairs. Very pale and weak, the shrinking therefrom. But of all this ghost of his former self, he looked, as he sat in the sunshine on the broad piazza: and Winifred's heart was in her throat at sight of him. He was alone, and she saw that now was her opportunity to speak to him of Nicholas; and yet she approached him not without embarrassment, for she could not forget that she had refused to speak to him under Mrs. Lorrimer's roof.

Neither could John Fletcher forget the occasion when this young lady had turned her back upon him and marched out of the room, emphasizes every step with her small crutch as though she desired to crush him, as possibly she did; and now she ignored that proceeding! He bowed his acknowledgments some what stiffly when she said, with an effort to overcome a certain shyness: "I am so glad that you are able to be out;" but deepening color, she stretched out her hand, he smiled as he took it and the rudeness of the past was forgotten. He had been interested in Winifred's story, but little was lacking to interest him in

She looked at him with all her soul in before she found words, and then they came almost in a whisper, "You do not know how much it means

Nicholas. Tell me of him! Tell me all! It is the nearest I can come to him!"

Capt. Fletcher had felt rather bored by the interest his meeting with Nicholas Thorne had excited, but now he wa moved to tell the story with a minuteness of detail he had never not bestowed most It. It was not that a beautiful young girl was listening, with her wistful eyes upon his face: it was the pathes of her long unwavering devotedness of affection that stirred his deepest, most reverent sym pathy-a pathos the more touching b contrast with the fact that her brother affection for her had seemed to him to have faded into a calcu and ordinary neither could be tell her that Nicholas heart was hardened against his father.

"My father is growing old," Winifred war has made many people old in thi part of the world. And I-if I do not find Brer Nicholas, I too, shall be old-

The captain was conscious of two distinct sentiments on hearing her express herself in this way-an irresistible irrita tion that she should use the nergro term "Brer" for "Brother," and an equally irresistible irritation that so much feeling should be lavished upon Nicholas Thorne

"But he will come back some blessed day!" she exclaimed, with a sudden change of tone, "He will come back and I hadde Gillort with him! Poor old Daddy Gilbert! How it must have grieved him to forego his little possessions here; but he did it at my bidding. I did not know that it would be for so long. I was but a child, and it seemed an easy thing for me to have my own way. But I must not tire you," she interrupted herself. "I will go now."

Fletcher was glad she had spared pim thanks. "If her hatred is proportioned to her love," he said to himself, gazing after her, "with what intensity she must hate a Yankee!" And he laughed aloud. In the dusk, that evening, Winifred

went out to Glory-Ann's house and entreated the old woman to make the waffles for supper; and Mom Bee grumbled: 'Hukkom Chaney can't cook ter suit

you here lately, Missy? 'Pears ter me you mighty notionate all of a suddin'." Chancy can't, she never could make waffles count to yours, Mom Bee," coaxed "And Capt. Fietcher is down stairs today for the first time; don't you know he will be tired and hungry?

'You is done put yo' wah feelins inter yo' pocket, is you?" said Giory-Ann. Glory-Ann was keeping her vigilant eves vory wide open at this time. Indeed, Miss Winifred Thorne's probable attitude toward the Yankee captain provoked surmise on all sides. The situstion was freely discussed by Mrs. Leonard Thorne, who, of course, avoided

oftener at Mrs. Herry's. "It's a dreadful state of things," she said, with complacency. "If that Yankee should lose his heart to Missy, that wouldn't so much matter; serve him right I'm thinking; but suppose Missy should take . fancy to him?

Thorne Hill, but who was therefore the

"It isn't supposable!" cried Bess, hotly, Yes, it is suppossible," Mrs. Leonard no saying what Winifred Thorne may or may not do. She always was beadstrong, you know; and she wouldn't

care for her father's consent." "I am not so sure, as to that," Mrs. Herry objected, charitably. "She always pays her father the most respectful

"I'm glad you give it the right name!"

neither the night air nor the fast gather-

John Fletchersawheraeshe went across the yard, under the leafless China trees, and an impulse for which he did not seek to account urged him to follow. Wherefore should be, because of a war that was over, be forever an allen? She had sent | with a shudder. him the invitation to dinner: rather would he have fasted; but because she had asked it he did violence to his feelings; It was too much to expect him to do violence to his feelings a second time in one day, and he followed her. With swift strides he overtook her just as she reached

"Allow me," he said, as he stepped forward to open it. She turned and looked at him; a sudden blush swept over his face as she

the gate that led into the lane.

"May I go with you?" he asked, boldly. "It is too late for you to be out alone," he urged, seeing her hesitate;

"it is growing dark, and"-"I am not afraid," she said. "I am going no farther than Daddy Gilbert's old cabin. It is not a place that can in-

terest you"-"But I may go with you?" he refter-

Winifred smiled, and they walked on in silence. He had never yet been able to conquer the constraint that oppressed him in her presence, and she had never learned the art of "making talk." She did not speak until they reached the entiment different altogether from that fence inclosing old Gilbert's deserted

"This is the place," she said, and pushed open the sagging gate before the captain could offer to assist her, "You will never see all that I see in this poor spot," she added; but she held the gate her father's need of sympathy and his open, and the captain smiled and stepped

A dense thicket of plum bushes had grown up at the back of the house, and the dry stalks of the self sown Palma Christi bean occupied all the little space So long as his life hung trembling in the in front; the path to the broken door that had lost its greenness, and all about being the guest of Col. Thorne; in mis- the half fallen and abandoned little fortune he was "a man and brother," and | dwelling there brooded a melancholy calm, intensified by the fast gathering

"The negroes say this place is haunted," Missy said, "but I am the only ghost that flits this way. I like to come here when I am sad."

"And are you sad now?" John Fletcher asked, impulsively, with a deeper sympaold times, too soon for the new. The thy than he dared to show.

A moment's pause followed; then Missy said, in a light tone, as if she would dismiss the subject:

"There is no reasom why I should be very gay—just now."

Her brave endurance, her proud reserve, touched John Fletcher more deenly than any complaining. An infinite tencould not yet bear the journey to town, contemplated this child-he was more the doctor himself, would not hear of his young to be thus overshadowed by sorrow and infirmity, " 'Just now?" he repeated, with a pas-

sionate wish to comfort her. "But this will not last! You are so young; life is only beginning. There is happiness in store for you: I am sure of it!"

Even while he spoke he perceived, with a thrill of elad wonder, that Winifred made a slight involuntary movement, as if she would draw nearer to were all of them representatives of types him, and on the instant he was by her But she had not heard a word he said

little did John Fletcher see of her: yet it of the plum thicket, with panting breath did not escape him that she was, in a and quick beating heart. "What is certain sense, aloof from her father and | that?" she gasped, in a terrified whisper, "Do not be frightened," he said, as he

to harm you. given him to understand that there was "There! Do you not see?" she whis- more.

pered fearfully, "or am I going mad?" captain's arm. "It is only an old negro," he answered,

from the thicket and assumed definite "An old negro," Missy repeated, and

shivered from head to foot. "Are there, indeed, such things as ghosts?" But she did not look up until she heard the old. familiar greetings "Why, Missy! Missy! huh you do?"

The voice, the words, electrified her, She abandoned fear; she sprang forward; she seemed to fly to meet the apparition coming along the grass grown path, and, stretching out her hands, she classed them over old Gilbert's toll hardened fin- a chair toward him. gers, while her crutch fell forgotten on

"At last! Oh, at last!" Her voice rang out upon the twilight stiliness, fuil of an infinite pathos of thanksgiving. Somehow, John Fletcher was not at pleased as he should have been; he felt | met Missy. himself desarted. He picked up the crutch and stood irresolute, loth to leave, Bristanas after the war, and John yet uncertain whether it became him to

Fletcher, who had vainly hoped to leave stay. "Tubbe sho!" old Gilbert responded, with a chuckle of supreme satisfaction, "Hit's me! En' you is dat growed, Missy, 'Brer Nicholas' Where is Brer Nich-

"Missy, ain't Mawse Nicholas here at home?" asked old Glibert, anxiously. "No!" cried Missy, sharply, "Oh, why

Den, Missy, chile, I dunno whey is Mawse Nicholas," said the old man, slowand sorrowfully.

do you ask that?"

Missy's head drooped; her slight form swayed like a reed. Capt. Fletcher wak out my travelin 'apenses.' sprang forward and saved her from fall-

Why, I 'lowed you wuz mawster,' said old Gilbert, bewildered; "en', praise be ter glory-I do bullieve-you to Mawse Gin'ral Fletcher, in de Fed ral

"I know why you stayed away from armyf That's my name, but not my rank!" the captain replied, as he placed Winifred on the doorstep.

"Thank you; I wasn't going to fall," said she, with averted head. John Fletcher felt snubbed decidedly;

vet be did not like to leave Winifred. Insisted, with obstinate calm. "There is foolishness, but he put Winifred's note though she ignored his presence—or carefully away; it was his only Christmas rather she was oblivious of him. "It was on this very top step," she said to old Gilbert, reproachfully, "that

you promised to keep track of Brer

Nicholas, and now you do not know where he is." "Honey," returned old Gilbert, mildly, "what kin a po' ole no 'count nigger de in de stir o' de nations? I don' my top

"I tol' him he was gwan git hisse'f shot ter pieces, foolin' 'long o' dat wah. but he ain't pay no 'tention; en' I foilered him, en' I cotch up wid him when he waz faerly riddled wid builets."

Missy covered her face with her hands and turned away from Capt. Fletcher

The movement might have been involuntary, but it was impossible to misunderstand it. John Fletcher gave the crutch to old Gilbert and went away but he could not go fast enough to avoid hearing ald Gilbart's comment:

frien'ly ter Mawse Nick?"

sharply, "How did you happen to lose Brer Nicholas?"

posserbul ter look atter Mawse Nick, en' unno whicherway he went sence dat.

'He done lef' Miss Dosia en' de chile, en' Miss Roxy, en' tak up bis march ter hunt de army. Tubbesho, de wuza-sayin' how de warn't no mo' army; but all I know, Mawse Nick he went, en' bombye de come a letter ter Miss Dosia what he wuz tuk mighty bad somewher on de road; en' she follered him, suddent; en' den, presently, Miss Roxy she packed up en' tuk de chile; en' fust I knowed dere waz I douten nobody, 'ceptin' det, buffo' he lef', Mawao Nick come en' tell me, 'Daddy, dese is mighty onsartin times, en' I mought'n nuver see you no mo', en

got him safe, Missy; but hit wuz fur yo paw det hit waz intrusted ter me, en hit's mawster I'm gwan pass hit ter, sholy. Then come, come at once to my fa-

Tubbe sho! dishyer night air is chilly,

'And God bless you!' said Missy, fer-

vently. "You shall suffer for nothing so long as we have anything. Come! Come quick, and tell my father."

> CHAPTER XXIX. THE PRICE OF THE MULE.



"Let me read, too."

Her father looked up in some alarm. And with a stifled scream Winifred but when he saw behind her a bent old Thorne hid her eyes against the Yankee negro leaning on a staff, he half believed that he must be dreaming: it seemed incredible that old Gilbert should be standthe mule.

The colonel started to his feet stagger ing, and put out both hands. "Gilbert?" he said "Gilbert? Is this you?"

"Tubbe sho, mawster! Tse been gawn a long time, but de Lawd is spared me

ter git back." "My son?" faltered the colonel. Missy burst into tears. "Make him sit get the war."

"I'm 'bleedged ter you, mawster," old Gilbert stammered; to be sented in the

lif as I come along. I lighted by de gittin home! How is Missle-virey, tubos back lot ter git ter my house, en' dere I sho? "Sit down," the colonel commanded and old Gilbert felt he raust obey. But house and you shall have a Christmas he shunned the chair, and spying a box dinner. After all, this is not such a ser-

in the corner he went over and perched thereon with a sigh, while Missy eagerly recented to her father the account given "And he has a letter for you from

Brer Nicholna; will you not read it?" she

dilayedated hat. My 'pendance was strong in de Hebenly Mawster ter spure me ter ban' you dat, suh," he said. "I'd a fotch his buf fo', but de roomaniz spilt my chances ter

The colonel sensed the letter, but his bands trembled so that he could hardly adjust his glasses. Well! well! mawster is come ter spec tikies!" said old Gilbert in admiration.

"En' yo' hair is a-sheddin'. "Minds me of illness. ro' paw. You is middin' ole, mawster tubbe sho!" The remark was intended as a compli

"Let me rend, too," Missy entreated

It was a touching appeal in which the banished son besought his father's pr tection for his wife and child, and the implored justice for the devoted oldslav who had proved so true a friend. Here counted how freely ald Gilbert had su plied him with morey, the savings of h years of industry, and becought his fa ser to discharge this debt.

Ah, my brother, come back? sighmy, passionately kinning the lest and everything you ass shall so don "Gilbert," said the coinsel with wallon anile, "how much money

"Dullaw, mawster? Is Mawse Nick wrotened you 'bont dat? En' I tole him not ter fret, seein' dis ole no 'count nigger is mos' ter de eend of his row. I doan 'zactly re-collict. I had it on ter : scrap o' paper Mawae Nick writ me, en' a tally stick besides, which I could oner-stan' better, but I los' 'em bof, 'long with my rumberilla, on de fiel' o' battle. Is you been in de wah, mawster?"

"Yes," said the colonel. "Praise be ter glory!" ejaculated old Gilbert. "Den vou kin onerstan' de wuz pow'ful scatterin' times, en' hit draw de amount nlum outen my min'. Some of hit wuz what Missle-virey sont him, en'I had ter purten' lak hit wuz all mine ter git him ter borrer hit. Hit wur like Mawse Nick wuz my chile. Not but ez I onerstan' hit, mawster, you wuz boun' ter shet yo' eyes beginst him fur c'rection," the old man hassened to amend. "En' I wuz after him cawstant ter sen' you his 'pentance, but my min' misgive me, all along, dat Miss Roxy she wuz wukin' beginst Mawse Nick's 'pentance. You 'members Miss Roxy White, maws-

The colonel podded. "She wuz a po'ful holp to Mawse Nick. en'a mighty good 'oman; but"-and he paused and looked around as though Miss Roxy might be cavesdropping-"she ain't quality. Miss Roxy is po'ful sot in her own notions, 'en she is plum bound up in dat chile, Mawse Nick's little boy, en' she is dat feard o' losin' holt on him, hukkom she ain't no incouridgement ter Mawse Nick to turn his desires home wuris.

The olonel glanced up quickly with look of enlightenment; he was beginning to understand his son's obstinate silence "But now-new we will bring him back?" Winifred entreated.

"We shall see," the colonel said, and sighed. He could not consent to lay bare his heart, and he changed the subject. 'Now that you are your own man, what are you going to do, Gilbert?" he asked. with amused curiosity.

"I been studyin' 'bout that," old Gilbert answered, hesitatingly. "Tee allers 'lowed to be hones', en I paid you fur de

"So you did!" exclaimed the colonel, with sudden recollection; and he rose and unlocked the secred drawer of his secre-

But den hit 'pears ter me lak I stole yo' migger?" pursued old Gilbert, with a furtive grin. "Ain't I boun' ter wak out dat time I stole myse'f? Maybe I better git a lie ver's 'vice on hit?" "No!" said Missy. The colonel smiled, "Well, do you

want to stay on here at Thorne Hill?" he asked, as he took out the little bag that held the price of the male.

"Hit wuz a good house, en' good lan' I had here," said old Gilbert, with a regretful sigh; "but hit is dat busted down. en' dat growed up. En' ez for dat muel, hit waz a short lived muel fur de money; hit tuk 'n died in less 'n six months." "I'll give you a deed to the house and land, making it yours for life," said the

"Well, tubbe sho, you kin spare dat much," said old Gilbert complacently. "En' ef dat's vo' will en' pleasure, maws ter, why-I pass my cawnsent."

How much an acute sense of his own advantage, how much of affectionate fidelity and the power of habit, went to the making of this consent it is impossi-

"As to the price of the mule," continued the colonel, "there in the money just as you left it." And he tossed the bag of tain found himself unwilling to allegat coin to old Gilbert, who grinned and this opportunity to hid good-by to his twisted with mingled embarrassment and satisfaction. "But I would like to Old Gilbert hung his head shoenishly.

and trembling. "There is nothing here open the door and entered with the and glanced at Missy, who said, as the quick blood mounted to her forehead: "It was me managed it!"

Her father looked at her with a smile of sad perplexity.

Mawse Nick, tubbe shor old Gilbert ex- barrassment. plained, as he bugged the remnant of his avings. "'Ceptin' I had done los' track of him, I wouldn't nuver have come back bedout him, 'long e' my promues ter Missy. But what a po' no 'count nigger can't manage, sh'oly a man o' gumption. lak mawster, kin to shortly bring ter

"Oh, my father!" Winifred exclaimed. "You will bring him back? And life will be sweet once more, and we can for-

"We will see," the colonel said, and sighed. He had not the hears ware "Sit down," the colonel said, pushing her that there was no certainty that

Nicholas still lived. "Well! well!" said old Gilbert, with a subdued chuckle, as he slipped down presence of quality shocked his sense of from his perch on the box. "Ef I ain't decorum. "De wuz a wagin gin me a been 'stonished outen my manners at

"She is well, and she will be so glad to see you," said Misey. "Come to the

rowful Christmas day."

Yet she wiped away the tears as she went. Old Gilbert's appearance at the "gret house" created a hubbub of excitement that penetrated to the room where John Fletcher sat in moody meditation. Five weeks had he been a guest at Thorne Hill, and his immovable resolve was taken; he would go on the morrow; he would run any risk rather than remain

longer under this roof, now that he know the fate that threatened irim. But on the morrow John Fletcher was again an invalid. He had contracted a chill from exposure to the night air, and for some days following he was serious ly fil; but though the colonel's courtesy never flagged, and Miss Elvira was prompt with kind attentions, his imnationce to be gone sucreased with his

mind with extreme annuvance. He had accepted this northerner as be might have accepted a decree of fute, but he never forgot that Capt. Fletcher was his gnest, and he would fain have had him feel at ease.

"It is a dull house, a dull house," he repeated, with a deep sigh, as he sat beside the sick man's bed one morning. He looked strangely worn and baggard. III though he was, John Fletcher noted the change wrought in Missy's father since ald Gilbert's return. His dignified self possession seemed to have deserted him. and he taiked with an absent air, as if thinking aloud. "Young people require scaleges, he interrupted himself: 'But, ' The captain's face finabed darfely.

sir, I disturb you, and Dr. Lane advises perfect quiet."

The colonel had spent an hour in the sickroom that morning, but of all that he had said John Fletcher understood only this, that Missy was going away; that he should see her no more. His reason, his pride, his sense of "the eternal fitness of things," assured him that this was best; but more than ever did he now desire to leave Thorne Hill.



Pushed back his chair and rose. It was the middle of January when John Fletcher came down stairs again, to find the house wearing a strangely silent and deserted aspect.

The colonel, with profuse apologies had asked his guest's permission the evening before to be absent for several days, on account of the wedding of Miss Herry "and the festivities thereto pertaining," as the colonel choicely phrased it; and John Fletcher, having seen from his window Miss Eivira and the colonel depart immediately after breakfast in the rusty, rattling carriage, did not expect to most either of them. It was Winifred's absence that he felt, though he had persuaded himself that he was glad he need not see her aguin. But it was by no means a painful surprise when, sauntering aimlessly into the par lor, he found Winifred there alone.

She was standing near one of the front windows, her face partly turned away. and John Fletcher enight eneity have retired unseen; but he had no thought of retiring. Miss Winifred Thorne, in a rich blue silk, with a train, and a cloud of filmy lace around her throat and at her wrists, produced upon him as im pression so nevel and so complex that he est sight of his resolution to avoid her, and he hesitated but a moment before he crossed the room. It was of herself, never of her dress, he had thought here tofore; but he now recalled that so long as he had been as Thorne Hill he had never seen Mass Whatfred Thorne in any other continue than a very plain, dark brown walking dress. It was not an ugly dress, but also if was not a dress that could in any way attract more attention than the wearer; yet John Fletcher was not sure that In did not like it better than the blue silter at least he felt quite sure that, in a certain sense, she had worn that plain brown dress for him. And he could not flatter himself for a moment that she worm the ever reason the had adorned herself, she host's young damphier,

Winitred was very pale, but when she know how you contrived to convey it to turned and ease him the color came saw the gleam of his light through the me, and how you contrived to convey quickly to her face and deepened as he greeted her.

> not expect this pleasure; I had the impression that you had gone awaysome "No," said Winifred; "I did not wish

to go. This is my home, and I have been "Hit wuz jes' det she wuz so sot on Ill," she saided, bastilt, in evident can-"Ill?" repeated Pletcher.

"Oh, not very ill." Then seeing that he was taking note of her dress, she said, with deepening confusion, "I am dressed to please my father." Jest and hadinage were not possible

between these two; but John Fletcher could not resist replying, with latent to "I should never have suspected you of

dressing to please me; though perhaps I might not have thought that it was to please your father." She gave him a look of cold reproof, and sat down in an arm chirly beside the

marble topped table that stood stilly in the precise center of the room. "The fire is too warm," she murmored, pressing ber hands against for borning obsolu-The captain, who did not intend to be

rebuilfed, followed her, "May I sixdown,

too?" he naked. Winifred did not immediately reply: she was looking past ben toward the window she had left. "We are going to dine at Judge Chadwick's," she announced, as though she had not heard him. "My fasher and my assist are gone to see Mrs. Leenard Thorne before we start for town, and I am waiting for them." She removed her bands from her flushed chealmand leaked at Capt. Finisher, who was still standing on the other side of the table. "Yes, you may sit down," she said, not without countraint. He thought the permission rather gradeingly given; novertheless, he sat down, and looked at her in alence for some moments, fearing to offend her by

anything that he might say, "Strely," he eminimed at het, ap peslingly, "there are some remons why we might be friends?"

Windfield did not enswer, but she gavhim one swift, inexplicable glacce, and turned her eyes away; all the-color had died out of her face.

"The war to over," he said, and he sitatingly stretched out his hand. Once, once only, she had clasped hands with him, and once she had clong to his arm; if she would but put her hand in his

But Winifred, trembling visibly, would not see the proffered hamitable even drew a little away, as if to rest against her

"The war is not over," she answered, in a low, constrained voice. "There are no armies in the field, but ----

She raised her even and looked at John Flescher, who had withdrawn his hand. He expected to hear her utter some prophecy of future aprising; he was not at all prepared for what she had to say. "Capt Flatcher?" sinexplained, treespleasir, "since you have been with us, who of all our friends have entered this home? Mrs. Theodore.Scott, who is your friend, and Dr. Lane,"

"My father, on Christmas Day, would not go to chunch:" Winifred centimued, because he would not leave his guest, and he could not invite that guest into

his paw. "Could not?" repeated the captain, with a suile that exasperated Winifred. "How would you feel," she exclaimed with suppressed object, "were you as home, to have a 'rebet,' as you call us,

sit in the same pow with year?"
"I could stand it, if the rebel could," replied Caps. Plutsher, still smiling. hapecially if I might choose my rebel. "The rebal news could stand it!" oried Winifred, with fasious color. "And if it should prove that my brother has died of his wounds," she faltered, as the color ebbed away-"the war will never have been over for me."

She covered her face with her hands, and John Fletcher pushed book his chase, and zoso.

"Oh, forgive mal" she eried, with still everted face. "I do not mean to forget -famoeth-

"Thanks," he answered, coldly, "It's not worth the effect of your remembrance. I was glad to sorve a friend of my friend-Mrs. Leaviner. You must believe that I most sincerely regret the chance that has compelled ate to us so long a trespenser epou Cole Thorne's hospltality. I shall never forget his kindness, his traisform constant towardun undesired guest. Neithershall I forget"-

He passed alreadly, and paused so long that Winlired, under the spell of a will stronger than her own, turned towand him to find him even fixed upon her with a look unfirthmentals, of missied sadnesa, reproach, appeal, from which she shrank abushed and fright-med.

"-his daughter," the captain said, when he had compalled her eyes to meet his own. "His uncompromising daugister." he repeated, and smiled.

But Winifred had turned aways she did not see the stalle, and at the word "uncompromising," she trapulatedly lifeed her head, with a fortidding gratureor so John Rietcher-construed it. For a moment he stood frassolute, a moment during within he underwent a floroe struggle with himself; then he turned away and left her, and went up stairs to

"Not another day! Not another day!" he repeated to himself alone. He felt weak and ill; his voice was henries and he was trembing so violently that he was forced to throw himself upon the But not long-did be remain there. He

rose and largus gathering his balongings together with feversa baste, "I will depart to-morrow!" he declared heree-"It shall not befall me to see her And as he said this he locked out of

the window and saw the carriage waiting, and Winifred Thorne going down the steps of the piasza, attended by a handsome young fellow, who looked at her with admiring eyes. Wittified was radiant with delight. John Fletcher could hardly restize that this was the same girl be had left down stairs not half an hour agone. "A boyf" he exclaimed, in fleros con-

"Oh, fooil Oh, fooil" When he came away from the window he saw Glory-Ann standing in the doorway with a onp of beef ten, a diet he

"Ah, that's right?" he exclaimed, with bitter guyety, us he queffed the cop that neither elegand nor instellated. "Build up my strength within the next twentyfour hours, Mosn Bes. I must get-away from been to-morrows?

"You look tak hit?" mid Glory-Ann. recruily pleased to hear him call hor "Mom fice," (But he had done so mowittingly,) "Hetter not be too brash. "Who is that young sprig I mar just

now dancing attendance upon your foung

lady" he isked, with greened carelen-

ness, as he set down the cup-"Dat's Massan Patel Herry," Glory-Anna imade manues. "He's got a Boyer's shop in Savannaha but he's cores borns to see his kin, long o liber Lettleh weldin'dat's life eigher. The grant me is de colonel's countr, en' him on' Missy airft met in sence she was a chile. How you jew mind en Liell you, en' smilt yo'le.'I ensy. You ald goven git-away fluor lette fermorron. You media't try. De family is grean be gupe ne-verial days, on' I wan tel charge of you. Death my ore

ders -trons Missy herse'f," John Buscher fall the blood custs to his face, though he put no faith in Glory-Ann's carrelity. He found himself her thrall, lymprour, for his atmosphisswoods source educit of any emertions and indeed, when he greer calmer, he was nontent to wait, feeling thun it would be an ungracious act to steal away in the absource of this families.

> CITAPPER XXXL WINTERS AND NEW PATRICE.



"Lon shall read for yourself!"

Windred rengined in Talk haven stens days after her fother and her aunt returned to Thomas Eith, and when she came bome regain Cost. Firsther had takes ble deporture. She said, with more relationable from memod promisery, that she was very glad, although she presently asked the colonet, with some

"Father, I hope you warren't sude to Copt. Flatcher, that he went as suddenly? He is Annt Winifred's friend, you

"Wherefore slicklik I be rule to my ruest?" said the column, in a tons of cold organe. "Het I doub deup that his presence was a commission." "Yes," says Winifred, scourily, "Now

ro can turn all one thoughts to Brer Victorian You know we must find him." The colored frawmed. "It is a hopeless undertaknen," he said. "We might advertise? Winifeed you.

"Advertises" repeated the colonel, re-

created, somerin. colffine. "Dyan our family lineary iron

Mrs. Herry' had seen it and sorrowed over it. When next Winifred came to town, "Missy, dear child," she said, with affectionate entreaty, "why is it that you do not love your father?" "But I do," said the girl, reddening. "At least, I love him, I suppose, just as

most girls love their fathers." She had no mind to confess that she had awakened to a strange self knowledge of late. Time had been when she was sure that she could never love any one as she loved her brother; her very ameness, the witness of the strength and devotedness of that affection, had held her aloof from the love that enters so largely into the dreams of girlhood; but now, to her dismay and confusion, she perceived that she was capable of a which she charished for her brother, dwelling. The discovery filled her with impatience and indignation against herself; and if her long rebellious heart did not yet throb with a daughter's tender love, she

had at least begun to understand both

Winifred could not speak, and Mrs. Herry forbore to urge her. John Fletcher's position at this time was by no means entirely to his liking. balance, so long as he remained confined to his room, he felt no embarrasament in no shadow chilled the hospitality heartily accorded him; but now that he was on shadows. his feet again there was an irksome consciousness of the chasm across which no cordial hand clasp yet was possible. In a thousand indefinable ways John Fletcher realized the truth of Mr. Scott's lament, that he had come too late for the

all topics that could lead to heated diswhen, on a sudden impulse and with a cussion gave him an irritating sense of being superfluous. Christmas was drawing near, the first Christmas after the war, and the northerner shrank instinctively from spending this festival with the Thornes. Dr. Lane, however, insisted that his patient ber eyes for the space of several seconds and Col. Thorne, more peremptory than than ten years her senior—so ethereal, so

very care with which his host ignored

guest's departure. "I have pledged myself to my aunt to me," she said, "to shake hands with and your old friend," he said, "for your con, who have shaken hands with Brer perfect recovery. You must allow me Nicholas. Tell me of him! Tell me all! the satisfaction of keeping my word." So John Fletcher resigned himself to stay. Thorne Hill was not devoid of in-

terest for an observant stranger, disposed to study the transitional state of southern life. The colonel, Miss Elvira, Mom Bee that must rapidly pass away. And there, side, too, was Missy, by far the most interesting study that Thorne Hill afforded. Very | She was gazing intently into the depths her aunt. From his heart he pitted her and clutched the captain's arm, uneventful days, her isolated life; but he was far too wise to give any sign of his laid his empathy, for Winifred, in a way as unmistakable as it was indefinable, had

an insurmountable barrier between them. CHAPTER XXVIII. IN THE GLOAMING.

O - Mun "Why, Missy! Missy! huh you do?" Christmas day came, that sad, first

before this date, declined to make his appearance at breakfast. The day was not marked by the old time hilarity; that was over forever, en' protty ez a pink! Lawd love de chile There was no supply of eggnog and ginger bread, no popping of fire crackers, and the shout of "Chris'mus Gif'!" was feeble and infrequent. Missy dispensed I few presents privately to such of the old family negroes as remained in her father's service, as well as to some few deserters, who had taken advantage of that day's holiday to visit Thorne Hill.

The colonel shut himself up in his office all the morning, and Miss Elvira and Winifred went alone to church. John Fletcher remained in his own room; it was his purpose to remain there all day, but in the afternoon Glory-Ann brought him a little note from

breakfast," she wrote; "it was kindly meant, but you are our guest, and you must dine with us. It will not be gay. but you will know how to pardon the absence of gayety." John Fletcher was three and thirty; he thought he had outgrown all sentimental

present! And of course he accepted the The dinner was not gay; an inevitable sense of constraint brooded over the company and made the meal a penance, and each one was secretly glad to quit the

table.

When the sun had gone down Winisaid Mrs. Thorne, with a chilly little fred left Miss Elvira making up her ac- bes' ter keep Mawse Nick outen de wah laugh. "We can't say she loves her count with Bishop Ken, and went out for but he wuz jes' dat heady, go he fatiur, as you've seen for yourself, a walk. The air was chill and light clouds would"obscured the sky, but Winifred foured "Of course," said Missy, proudly,

'Missy, dat Mawse Gin'ral is quality. sho', fitten ter be one o' de Thorne generation. Is you knowin' how he wuz pow'ful "Never mind him." Missy interrunted

'Missy, hit wuz dishyer way: I dudno hukkom Mawse Gin'ral Fletcher had brung hit ter pass; but me en' Mawse Nick, wewuz turned free outen Nashville, whey we was tooken prishers, en' I brung Mawse Nick to Melton, in de Windy Valley, ez de call hit, whey we wuz livin' endurin' of de wah; en' me'n Miss Dosin en' Miss Roxy White we nussed him well agin; en' den I wuz tuk flat wid de roomstiz, so sz hit wuz on-

here a letter for de colonel. "Oh, give it to me!" cried Missy,

en' my roomatiz is a caution. Woner is Missle-virey got any mo' da limment. Missy? You see I done de bes' what I

colonel was in the office: Missy window as she crossed the yard. Too yourself away?" words "My father;" but she could say no

as what had seemed a shadow emerged ing on that threshold, with scarce a wrinkle more than when he traded for

down," she sobbed. "There is so much to tell.

of Nicholas.

The colonel could not speak, but he put out his band for the letter that old Gilbert was seeking in the crown of his

ment, but the colonel was absorbed in his son's letter and it escaped him. leaning over his shoulder. "I cannot cannot wait?"

he said. "My damphter must go away for a few days; she dwells toe much upon her brother." Then, with an instant and hanghay change of manner. is though he repented the momentary